



BERRY & WALLACE.]

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. 1.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN., TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1851.

NO. 20.

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POETRY.

Sabbath Evening.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis holy time. The evening shade
 Seals with a soft control
 O'er nature, as a thought of Heaven
 Seals o'er the human soul;
 And every ray from yonder blue,
 And every drop of falling dew,
 Seems to bring down to human woes
 From Heaven a message of repose.

O'er yon tall rock the solemn trees
 And shadowy groups incline,
 Like gentle nuns in sorrow bowed
 Around their holy shrine;
 And o'er them now the night winds blow
 So still and calm, the music low
 Seems the mysterious voice of prayer
 Soft, echoed in the midnight air.

The mist, like incense from the earth,
 Rises to a God beloved,
 And o'er the waters move its crest
 The Holy Spirit moved;
 The torrent's voice, the wave's low hymn,
 Seen the far notes of seraphim,
 And all earth's thousand voices raise
 Their songs of worship, love and praise.

The gentle sisterhood of flowers
 Bend low their lovely eyes,
 Or gaze through trembling tears of dew
 Up to the lofty skies;
 And the pure stars come out above
 Like sweet and blessed things of love,
 Bright signals in the eternal dome
 To guide the parted spirit home.

There is a spell of blessedness
 In earth and air and heaven,
 And nature wears the blessed look
 Of a young saint forgiven;
 O'er who, at such an hour of love,
 Can gaze on all around, above,
 And not kneel down to worship God?
 With nature's self to worship God!

The Michigan Outlaws.—These prisoners to the number of forty-six, were arraigned before Judge Withersell of Detroit, on the 26th ultimo, and all plead not guilty to the several indictments, and the principal counts of which are as follows:

1st. For burning the Michigan Central Railroad Depot in the night, and for aiding and assisting before the fact.

2d. Conspiring to burn the depot of the Michigan Central Railroad Company.

4th. Conspiring to burn the depot of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, on the first of April, 1851, by means of a "march."

5th. Attempting to burn the depot of the Michigan Central Railroad Company in the night time, &c.

After some discussion by counsel, the trial of most of them was set apart for the regular session of the Circuit Court in Wayne county, which commences on the 13th of May. The prisoners were then conveyed to jail in carriages under a strong escort of officers.

The Phrenologist.

BY R. H. ADDISON.

I never recollect a warmer enthusiast than Professor Leyden. When he spoke, he seemed to forget all other worldly circumstances, all other subjects, save the one engrossing topic on which he was engaged. His eye, wildly dilated, saw no object save the bright imagery created by his fertile brain. His voice was impassioned. His every pulse beat high. The professor, at the time I speak of, was just two-and-thirty, and ranked himself the very leader of Gall and Spurzheim's energetic disciples. On the subject of phrenology he was discoursing when I entered the dining room of the Baron Hartmann. It was a fine summer evening. Strawberries and other fruits decorated the board. The well-iced Johannisberg, the cellar-cooled Lafitte, stood temptingly on a table, around which about a dozen young men, with the worthy baron, and the professor, sat. It appeared that, in the height of his enthusiasm, Leyden had, to please the company, examined their heads, and with many wild looks pressed the bumps, which he declared to be the unerring indications of the human character and passions. Some unfortunate wight in company, however, had evidently shocked the examiner by a demonstration of wicked propensities, for he strenuously refused on this occasion to pronounce upon the several organs, declaring he "might give offence," he "might be wrong," "indeed it might appear invidious," in short, after making several similar excuses, the professor sat down in meditative silence; nor could he again be brought to speak, save and except upon the general merits of the system, a subject on which he never failed to enlarge. It is a curious fact that I never in my life heard the subject of phrenology broached without a laugh being raised at its expense, which very naturally annoys the supporters of this theory, and brings on the warmest argument. It was a discussion of this kind that probably had raised the fire, which flashed the cheek of Leyden on the evening of which I speak.

The conversation had now taken a new channel. A dreadful murder had been committed in the neighborhood of the Black Forest. A young girl had eloped from her parents some weeks before. The companion of her flight was supposed to be a young man who had been staying in the neighborhood; he had disappeared about the same time. She had just been found savagely murdered, while the supposed partner of her guilt had re-appeared, and declared that he had with difficulty escaped from the hands of banditti, who had, without any apparent motive, seized and imprisoned him. To prove this, he showed several severe wounds which he had received in the successful struggle he had, with two of the gang in his endeavor to liberate himself. This story, however, appeared so improbable, that no belief was attached to it, and the young man was hurried to prison, there to abide his trial. This story had been repeated with painful minuteness by Carl Hoffman, a handsome young man, who had lately arrived at Baden, whose mild and gentlemanly manners had already won for him the golden opinions of all the society assembled there. No one was more pleased with him than the old Baron. It was even believed that he ranked so high in the good man's opinion, that it was rumored that he had proposed and was actually accepted by Clara Hartmann, with the full sanction of her father. As a narrator, few could excel him. His vivid description lent life to his stories; and when he chose (as on the present occasion) he could harrow up the nerves of even the most apathetic, by depicting horrors in their most glaring, most appalling colors. One burst of indignation, as he concluded, bespoke how truly he had interested his auditory. A thousand execra-

tions were heaped upon the head of the unhappy youth, who appeared plainly, incontrovertibly, from the details given by Carl, to be the perpetrator of the bloody deed. "I'll go to see his execution myself. I could enjoy the death tortures of such a wretch," indignantly exclaimed the Prince of Olsebach, a young Russian, as he took a pinch of snuff, and handed to his neighbor his splendid box, which dazzled the eye by the richness of the diamonds encircling it. "If such a wretch existed on my estates, I'd have him racked." "And well would he deserve it; a cold-hearted, cruel assassin," chimed in another. "May he be punished in the world to come!" fervently ejaculated Carl. "Nay, nay," said the old Baron, "that is saying too much. It is true the man deserves an earthly punishment; but you are allowing your anger against a vice, my dear boy, to carry you too far." And the old noble good naturedly patted Carl on the arm.

Thus various subjects were discussed and argued; but during the whole evening Leyden spoke not a word. At last the hour for breaking up arrived; and according to etiquette the prince moved first. Ere he did so, he requested the return of his snuff-box. The person to whom he had handed it declared that he had passed it to the next, who, in his turn, denied all knowledge of it, as did the rest of the company. Every one had seen it, every one had handled it, but none could now produce it. The room was searched, the servants had not entered the apartment, the door had never been unlocked, none had stirred from the table. The affair began to wear a serious aspect. The old baron felt his honor wounded, but still hoped it might prove to be an ill-timed pleasantry. Under this impression he rose. "Gentlemen, some person amongst you has doubtless concealed the box, intending thereby to give our illustrious friend a fright, and in good faith he deserves it for thus carelessly forgetting to look after a trinket said to be worth 50,000 florins; but as he seems really uneasy about it, I must beg the person who has taken it, instantly to return it, and confess the joke." And the noble affected to laugh. "None, however, responded, and Hartmann saw with increased uneasiness that he must now take up the matter more seriously. 'My friends, you cannot feel offended when I offer myself as the first person to undergo the ordeal, an ordeal I almost blush to say we must all submit to. We must be searched! None but the guilty can feel annoyed at this proposal.' Professor Leyden started up. 'By Heavens I'd sooner die.' Another was of the same opinion, and objected to undergoing such an operation, which at the very least implied a doubt. Poor Hartmann looked like a ghost. He glanced appealingly towards Leyden, who now rose. 'Let the door be locked,' he said in a grave voice; 'let it be well secured.' This was done. 'Now, gentlemen, you must either acknowledge the correctness of the measure I adopt, or I, the disciple of a juggling science, perish!' and he drew from his pocket a small pistol. 'Nay, start not, my friends, against myself alone I mean to use this weapon, and that only in case I wrongfully accuse an individual now present. You may remember before dinner I phrenologically examined you all. There was little to say about you generally; but there was one amongst you in whom I could not be mistaken—one whom I wished not to have named, whose presence ever since has made me shudder. I see the gentleman to whom I allude already turn pale. Nay, attempt not to smile. I am either a villain for allowing a false theory to mislead me, or you, Carl Hoffman, are both a robber and a murderer!"

A thunderbolt could have caused less consternation. The baron started up in rage and agony. The prince believed the professor had suddenly gone mad; while the others looked with searching glances alternately at Leyden and Carl. The former had coolly resumed his chair. The latter sat pale, immovable; what could it mean? Old Hartmann was about to speak in no gentle terms to the man who thus had insulted his future son-in-law, when waving his hand, Leyden quietly added "search him." The baron, in his eagerness to defend his protégé, at once flew to do so. Immediately the snuff box fell on the table. The worthy old man sank overcome in a chair. In the breast pocket of Carl's blouse he had found the box, which the other had unresistingly allowed him to draw forth. For a few moments there was a dreadful death-like pause. The party seemed petrified, while the trembling Carl seemed to struggle with his feelings. At length, as if suddenly awaking, he started up, and incoherently pronounced, "The hand of God is upon me! I would, but cannot flee his judgment. Professor Leyden speaks the truth. I am a robber and a murderer! Under the name of Gratz I wooed and won the peasant maid of whom we spoke just now. In madness I espoused her. Tired, however, in a few short days, of being tied for life to one uneducated and low born, hearing that Clara Hartmann possessed unbounded wealth, and knowing that my rustic wife alone presented an obstacle to my wedding this fair heiress, I slew her—aye, cruelly slew her, and caused her lover to be seized—to turn the finger of suspicion towards him. Had he not fled, to-morrow he would have been stabbed. As for robbery, I can only say, I long have headed a bold band, whom even now I'll not betray, although they laugh at me with scorn, when they first hear how foolishly I fell into the hellish net that Satan laid for me, and call me fool for not having the power to resist temptation. That cursed box was far too brilliant. Some spell lurked in it, which drew me with a force I could not stand against, and made me rush at once upon my ruin; but why thus moralize? Let monks go pray, it is too late for me; let common felons suffer on the block, it is too mean a death for me. Thus I laugh at Fate—I'm never unprepared." And ere a single arm could move to prevent him, he had swallowed the contents of a small phial, which afterwards proved to have been filled with prussic acid. The unhappy wretch who confessed himself to be the same who, under the assumed name of "Sand," had filled the country with terror, died in tortures too horrible to describe. The accused (but innocent) youth was liberated, from the goal, and in three months Clara Hartmann became the bride of the professor, whose love of phrenology had thus led to the discovery of guilt, the manifestation of innocence, and the acquisition of the prettiest girl in Germany.

We find the following in the Baltimore Sun:
South Carolina Military Preparations.—The South Carolinian chivalry, it is known, have recently appropriated \$300,000 for bloody weapons, and some Massachusetts Yankees have got the job to make them—or a part of them, at least. A friend informs the editor of the Wrentham Patriot that "Messrs. Waters, of Milbury, Mass. have obtained the contract for the small arms, viz: 6,000 muskets, 3,000 rifles, and 2,000 pistols. The field artillery are to be made in South Carolina, and the authorities were very anxious that Messrs. Waters, should manufacture the small arms there also; but this could not be, and get the arms completed within the time allotted by the contract. Messrs. Waters, however, have contracted to establish the armory in South Carolina, after the completion of this order."
 We are authorized to say that this statement is utterly unfounded. No arms for South Carolina, are to be manufactured North of the Potomac, and the small arms will be constructed within the State. Offers in abundance were made from the Northern States for that purpose, but the Board of Ordnance were enabled to supply themselves advantageously, and made their contracts accordingly.
 [Charleston Mercury.]

The Ferre Haute (La.) Courier says that contracts have already been entered into by dealers at that place for hogs next fall. One pork merchant has contracted for 2000 to be delivered at the usual killing time, for \$3 50 per cwt.

On the evening of the 6th of April, near Rodney, in Jefferson county, Miss., a man named William Lewis, from Tennessee, and a soldier in the Mexican war, was killed by a man named Patrick Newlan. Both parties had been drinking freely, when a quarrel arose. No witnesses were present, and no evidence was adduced except the statement of the survivor. Newlan was discharged by the examining magistrate from custody for want of evidence.

Difficulty with Mexico.—A dispatch from Washington states that a formal complaint has been made by the Mexican Government in relation to the Indian outrages on the frontier of Mexico; against which, by the terms of the Treaty with Mexico, the United States agreed to protect her. Congress having failed at the late session to make the appropriation asked for by the War Department for the duty, the service has not been performed; and Mexico now refuses to ratify the Tehuantepec Treaty, unless the provisions of the treaty of peace are first fulfilled. It is asserted that the return of Mr. Webster to the capital was hastened by the occurrence of this difficulty.

A railroad convention recently assembled at New Orleans, and was in session several days. James Robb, Esq., presided. After various propositions were submitted, the convention finally determined in favor of a road to run from New Orleans, Louisiana, to Jackson, Mississippi. The track marked out is along the banks of the Mississippi as far as Baton Rouge.

WOMAN'S WILL.—Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer; send up fishing hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a mosquito with a brickbat; in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will, when she has made up her mind to say she won't.

CONNECTICUT.—The democracy have a majority in the Legislature of two on joint ballot. Thomas H. Seymour (dem.) has been elected Governor by three majority, one whig member being absent. Green Hendrick (whig) has been elected Lt. Governor, and Thomas Black (whig) Treasurer.

A young man has been arrested in New Orleans for stealing petticoats! He never took anything else.

WESTERN TEXAS.—An article in the Washington Union states that about forty miles from Brownsville, in a north-east direction lies the famous Salt Lake, called the *Salled Rep.* It covers about four thousand acres; and such is the saline quality of the water, that there is a clear, pure bed of salt, about a foot deep, extending over the whole surface, and if any part be removed, in twenty-four hours it is completely replaced. In early times, this Salt Lake yielded a large revenue to the Spanish Government, and is believed to be capable of supplying the whole Union with a most excellent article of salt. This property, as well as most of the lands in Western Texas, is involved in law suits, and it will be a year or so before the title is settled.

NEW BANK BILL IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—A bill has been introduced enacting a similar system to that which prevails in New York and several other States. Any number of persons, not less than five, may associate for the business of banking, with a capital stock of not less than \$100,000, and may procure bills for circulation from the Auditor of Accounts, by pledging not less than \$100,000 in stock of the cities or towns in this State, in the Stocks of any of the New England States, New York or of the United States Government.

A FAST FUNERAL.—A Race to the Grave.—On Saturday last, two funeral processions of unusual length, on their way to the cemetery in Cambridge, Mass., the drivers of the hearse endeavored to see which should reach the gate of the cemetery first. By a great application of the whip, a sample of fast driving developed itself, but the race was of short duration. The coffin in one of the hearses was thrown out on the ground and before the cortege following could draw up, it was run over by three or four hacks, and seriously mutilated.

NEW IRON HOTEL.—An iron house, for a hotel, is about to be erected in Philadelphia, in Third street, near Arch. It is five stories high. Several iron warehouses are to be erected in that city this summer. The iron business in this country will be immense in a few years, from the erection of iron buildings alone.

The cost of obtaining letters patent for an invention, for England alone, is \$500—for the whole of Great Britain \$1500. Cost in the United States \$30.

According to the New York papers, Chief Justice Sharkey, of Mississippi, and Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, have been appointed to the Land Commissionership in California.

Two steamers are now building in New York, intended for navigating the Chinese waters. The celestials prohibit the employment or importation of such articles as these, built in foreign countries, though there is no ban upon the importation of the materials for the making of such craft. To comply with the law, therefore, the builders are obliged to put up the timbers of the vessel and then take them down again for shipment to China, where they will again be put together.

POVERTY IN CALIFORNIA.—A writer from California, in the Hartford Times, says: "I believe there are more poor people in California in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in the rest of the United States."

THREE MISERIES.—To walk two miles for the purpose of begging a favor and then feel too modest to name it.

Bowing to a person whom you mistake for another, and getting but a vacant stare of surprise for your pains.

To be in a scrape every hour, merely for want of nerve to say no.

"May a man, marry his wife's sister?" is a question which can only be properly answered by the sister herself, when the widower pops the question.

A western paper describes the dress of a lady there, during a November rain-storm, when mud is ankle deep, "A fur cap, a boa twisted four times round her neck, silk stockings, and French kid slippers." The above paper might have described this costume, taken as whole, by a synonyme somewhat in this wise:— "A terrible cold, a racking cough, diseased lungs, and a mahogany coffin."

LOVELY.—An interrogatory of silver sweetness, and an answer of diamond beauty, are contained in the following method of "getting to go home with her."

The moon shines bright:
 Can I go home with you to-night?
 Answer:
 The stars do too:
 I don't care if you do.

CHICKENS AND EGGS.—Mr. Spriggins in a Dilemma.—"My son," said Mr. Spriggins to his little boy, who was devouring an egg—it was Mr. Spriggins's desire to instruct his boy—"my son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?"

"Ah, do they father?" said the young hopeful, "I thought that eggs came out of chickens."

The elder Spriggins drew back from table sadly, and gazed on his son, then put on his hat and went to work.

SHARP REPLY.—Two country attorneys overtaking a wagoner, with two span of horses, and thinking to be witty at his expense, asked him how it happened that his forward horses were so fat and his rear ones so lean. The wagoner, knowing them replied that his fore span were lawyers, and the other—clients.

A late philosopher says that what the approach of dog days is to the canine species, so is the approach of the honeymoon to the human race. If you don't wish to "go mad," therefore, never snap at calico.

A man was one day wheeling a barrow across a church-yard, not twenty miles from Manchester, when he was threatened by a clergyman with a condign punishment for his daring outrage, in polluting the consecrated ground by his wheel-barrow. The man scratching his head, said "I didn't know but the barrow was consecrated too, for I borrowed it of the sexton."

The Alexandria Gazette says:—We have information that a serious disturbance has occurred at the University of Virginia between some of the students and the civil authorities, which has caused considerable excitement. The quarrel commenced with the Professor of Modern Languages, and he handed over the belligerents to the magistrates. One account says the students rescued one of their number who had been committed to jail for his bad conduct. The Professor had been treated very rudely.

The Charlottesville Advocate, in reference to the above, says: As the matter is now in the hands of the civil authorities, we do not feel at liberty to say anything about it, except that it has nothing whatever to do with the University, or any of the Professors. The whole affair took place in Charlottesville.—There has been no attempt to rescue a prisoner from the jail.

The Huntsville Advocate says:—On Friday morning last, Gov. Jas. C. Jones, president, and Cols. Donegan and Birnie, Directors, of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad Co., accompanied by Gov. Clay, Col. Mills, and Hollowell, left this place for Augusta, Savannah and Charleston, for the purpose of procuring additional stock for the Road; a most able and influential delegation.—Deeply interested as these cities are in the construction of this work, we can not doubt but that they will lend a liberal helping hand; and that the amount of stock requisite to authorize the Directors to commence operations in Alabama, \$200,000, will be secured for the work in them.